

Double Trouble Part Deux

by Sheryl Nantus

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Summary: What happens when people get Drunk... and yes, that's with a Capital D. (2/3)

Double Trouble Part Deux

All Characters copyright of TenThirteen Productions and Chris Carter.
No infringement intended on any part...I like being poor,
really...The character of Jackie St. George belongs to me though...

Before anybody asks... yes, no and maybe... and that's all I'm
going to say...

Double Trouble Part Deux by Sheryl Martin

~'The sins of the fathers are visited on their sons...~"

~'And daughters... that sucks...~"

~'You said it. When does Marty's plane get in?~"

~'About three hours from now... pass the bottle, Mulder...~"

~'Only if you pass the bowl of seeds, St. George... and keep your
shells to yourself...~"

Dana Scully rubbed her eyes and looked at the clock. God, was that
the real time? Stupid paperwork... Swiftly gathering up her notes,
she had her hand on the doorknob of the office door when the phone
rang. For a second she thought about not answering it, then she gave
in and picked it up.

~'Sorry Ed... yes, I'll come get the two of them... Two bouncers?
Already? Thanks for not calling the police... yes, I'll come right
over.~" Hanging up the phone, Scully frowned. The two of them... This

was going to be interesting...

Ã'I already had to disconnect the pinball machines because they were laughing when he kept tilting them... and then the jukebox because at first they were singing, then that stupid Sting song Ã'Why Would I Cry for YouÃ" came on and they almost shot the damn thing... and I keep having to hire new bouncers who arenÃ•t going to be afraid of federal agents...Ã" The bartender shook his head. Ã'I donÃ•t mind cutting you some slack, but after last time I kinda thought you and her had learnt your lesson...Ã"

Dana smiled. Ã'I did... She just got Mulder this time...Ã" She strode towards the booth at the back of the bar; hearing the raised voices and laughter.

Fox Mulder and Jackie St. George looked up as she approached. Jackie tapped her glass with a fingernail thoughtfully.

Ã'G-woman... nah, doesnÃ•t really flow...Ã"

She stared at them. FoxÃ•s hair was as rumpled as his dress shirt; his tie loosely hanging around his neck. Beside him, Jackie propped her head up on one hand, her old combat jacket hanging loosely over her shoulders. They were both red-eyed and had been crying at some point, but now from the two empty liquor bottles they were very, very drunk.

Ã'Swear to God Dana, I didnÃ•t touch him.Ã" Jackie held up her hands. Ã'He told me heÃ•s saving himself for marriage...Ã" Fox spat out a mouthful of Scotch at this, soaking the front of his shirt. Jackie put her head down on the table, pounding it as she roared. Shells scattered everywhere, rolling onto the wooden floor at DanaÃ•s feet. She put a hand to her mouth, trying to hold back a smile at MulderÃ•s expense and failing miserably. Dana sighed as she watched him try to dry off with a few paper napkins.

Ã'Scully... whatÃ•s up?Ã" He tried to sound cheerful.

Ã'You do remember that we have a meeting with Skinner at nine in the morning, right?Ã" The look on his face showed that he hadnÃ•t.

Ã'You go to it...Ã" He mumbled, dabbing at his shirt.

Ã'No way, Mulder. Not on my own... Come on, IÃ•ll drive you home.Ã" She gently took his sleeve. He pulled back angrily.

Ã'I donÃ•t wanna go.Ã" Fox turned to Jackie. Ã'You make her go Ã"way.Ã"

Now it was St. GeorgeÃ•s turn to spill the drink. Ã'Me? Why me?Ã"

Ã'Because youÃ•re her friend.Ã" His words were slurred.

Ã'She was your friend first...Ã"

Ã'But if she gets mad at me then IÃ•ll get upset.Ã" Fox spoke slowly,

carefully choosing every word. "And I don't wanna be upset any more... 'specially not at her..." His bleary eyes looked up at hers, sad and deep. She sighed. So much for that.

"Excuse me..." Dana grabbed his soggy shirt front and pulled him up and out of the booth, pushing him against the wall. She turned to Jackie. "Well?"

"Man, you're grumpy tonight, Dana..." She muttered as she slid free of the table.

Mulder moved to slip back into the booth while they spoke, but before he knew it he was pinned face first against the wood panel again. The tell-tale snick-snack of handcuffs hit his thick mind as they settled on his wrists. St. George whooped as she leaned back on the table, a grin on her face.

"Gotcha Mulder... I know who's in control here... takes a strong woman to..." Suddenly the world spun in front of her as Scully deftly twirled her around, snapping another set of cuffs on her. Jackie found herself leaning against the wall a few inches from Fox.

"Think we really pissed them off this time?" She smirked at him.

"I wanna see how we get out of here." He grinned. "Hey, Scully... those are my cuffs..." His blurry vision focused in on the red-furred cuffs around St. George's wrists. "No fair... those are mine... and they're in my desk..."

"Your set is on your wrists." Scully smiled sweetly. He gingerly pulled at the cuffs, nodding as he slumped against the wall again. His nose hurt as he flattened it, so he tried to stand up straight.

"Okay... so where'd the other set come from?" He murmured to the panel.

"They're mine." Marty appeared from the shadows, his arms crossed. He stared at Jackie. "Hello..."

"Hi!" She turned around, cheerfully chirping as she tugged at her hands. "When'd your flight get in?"

"Three hours ago. I've been waiting at your place... like we agreed..." His expression made her wince.

"Oh." Jackie smiled weakly. "Would you believe I was abducted by aliens and forced to drink here?"

"Nope."

"Ah... a special diplomatic assignment with Mulder?"

"Nope."

"Am I in big trouble here?"

"Depends..." He stepped closer to her. "Give me one good reason to

let you go and forgive you for this one.Ã"

St. George leaned forward, resting her head on his shoulder as she whispered into his ear. Nantus drew back, shaking his head with a smile.

Ã'You hang around with Mulder too much, Jackie...Ã" He displayed the key, swiftly unlocking the cuffs. Ã'But IÃ•m not complaining... this time...Ã"

Ã'Hey, whatta Ã"bout me?Ã" Fox said plaintively. Dana looked at the couple, then back at him.

Ã'So make me an offer...Ã"

Ã'IÃ•ll clean up my desk?Ã"

Ã'No, no, no...Ã" Jackie lurched over, slamming her hands on the wall, each side of the agentÃ•s head. Putting her mouth to his ear, she spoke softly. Marty and Dana watched, curious.

Ã'No... yes... well, yes... no... no...Ã" He stared at St. George. Ã'I canÃ•t...Ã" He looked into DanaÃ•s eyes. Ã'I canÃ•t...Ã"

Ã'I give up.Ã" Jackie turned away, nearly falling to the floor except for a good catch by Marty. Ã'You negotiate your own release this time... Waitta minute...Ã" She stared at Marty. Ã'IÃ•m being influenced by Mulder and YOU bought those cuffs?Ã"

Ã'Ah... they were an engagement present.Ã" He smiled.

Ã'From you, I expect...Ã" She whirled to face Mulder again, tilting to one side. He shook his head, trying to stay focused.

Ã'It wasnÃ•t him.Ã" NantusÃ•s voice whispered in her ear. Her gaze shifted to Dana, smiling wickedly. JackieÃ•s mouth fell open, speechless for once. Rolling her eyes towards heaven, she wrapped her arms around Marty's waist, slumping against him. He led her towards the door, stopping by Scully.

Ã'Thanks Dana. Much better than having to fight them both.Ã"

Ã'I know.Ã" She watched them leave, then turned her attention to the weaving Mulder. Ã'So...Ã"

Ã'Okay. Name your price.Ã" He grinned.

Ã'You do the paperwork for the next week.Ã"

Ã'ThatÃ•s not what I was expecting...Ã"

Ã'I know.Ã" She reached over and tugged at his tie; making him drunkenly stumble forward a few steps. Ã'IÃ•m beginning to see the appeal of this...Ã" Another soft pull on the tie. Ã'Come on, Mulder... time to take you home.Ã"

Ã'Your place?Ã" His eyes twinkled. Ã'Oooohhh, Scully...Ã"

Ã'At this time of night, yes. WeÃ•ve got to be back at work in less than eight hours.Ã"

Ã'Gonna handcuff me to the bedpost?Ã"

Ã'To the tub in the bathroom. That way, you wonÃ•t have far to crawl.Ã"

Ã'You are one tough woman, Dana Scully.Ã"

Ã'Yes, I am... and donÃ•t forget whoÃ•s got the keys...Ã"

*****"You've become a world-class hopeless romantic." "Not hopeless... hopeful. A world-class hopeful romantic."Joan Wilder -- Romancing The Stone

End
file.